

Home is Not a Place

Home is not a place by Roger Robinson.

Home is not a place for suffering. Be it house, hut or tent. Turn down the volume of the outside world and rest. Replenish. Home a refuge, the room you return to and if there's no return, home the dream.

Home a blessed space, a glowing hearth from which the seraphim hold in their hand offerings of bright orange embers.

Home a space of solace for the bones in your skin to relax. Perhaps there'll be space to grow, where weary minds can bloom. And the spirit of a room? The spirit of all rooms are degrees of warmth, and people, and talk; so too the spirit of a home, love.